MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS of
MONTGOMERY
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ACADEMY

MAY 1922

"EVERYTHING MEN AND BOYS WEAR"

Porter Clothing Co.

CHURCH AND FIFTH

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Montgomery Bell Bulletin

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TEAM WORK

W. H. Oldham 1922.

"Boys, today's game should have been won by twenty points instead of by three, and I have warned you now for the last time. Our failure was due to your individual playing, Ross. Now, even though I have to use Johns in the three remaining games, I am going to do so unless you work with the team. I am tired of telling you and begging you; now I am determined to have my own way, for I have seen clearly this afternoon that unless you change your style of play, you are going to lose the State championship for Noelton Academy."

This speech was directed by Coach Weeks to the ten members of the Noelton Academy basketball squad. So far the team had made a clean sweep of all the games. But these teams were the weakest in the State. There were three remaining games to be played, three games stood between Noelton and the crown of the State championship.

Noelton had a very good basketball team. Indeed, it was recognized as a strong contender for the championship of the State. But there was one thing which Coach Weeks had failed to do, although he had been working very hard for five weeks. He could not force Ross, forward, to believe anyone on the team could shoot besides himself. Ross was, on the contrary, a very good player. But, as the coach had said, he over estimated his ability. He began to take all the shots, no matter how close another man was, or how good a chance he

had to work it under the goal. He would shoot from where he was. Many times he was successful, but he took too many chances.

The team had just finished a game with Moody High. They should, and could easily have beaten them by twenty points but for the individual playing of Ross.

The coach realized that Johns, even though he was not even in the class with Ross, would aid the team more in the next three games than Ross, should he continue his style of play. The three remaining games were hard ones. It would take a lightening passing team to cope with the guards which were reported to have a wonderful style of defense.

As Ross strode off, he resolved to teach the coach a lesson. To think that he, yes, HE, the star of the whole team, was being told to play with the team more! Why, had the team not won eleven games with him playing as he wished? Did he not star in every game? Moreover there was not another man on the team that could shoot as well as he. The idea of his being scolded in such a manner after he had done so much for the team! These thoughts caused him to resolve to "do the coach up." Noelton would be minus his services in the next game.

Yes, he would make old man Weeks beg him to come back. He knew he wouldn't keep him out of the last game at least, for that was to be with Hazelton, the bitterest rival of Noelton. And it happened that Mr. Weeks himself disliked the coach on the opposing team, because of alleged unfairness in past games. So here was the chance Ross was looking for. The games came on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. So that would not cause him to be out of form by Thursday. Anyway, Coach Weeks would probably beg him to get in the game on Wednesday; probably on Tuesday.

The news of Ross's absence caused a pall of gloom to settle over the entire student body of Noelton. He speedily gained the backing of every one. No one had faith in the team unless Ross composed one-fifth of it. So alarmed did the student body become, that, on Monday before the game, they signed a petition for the resignation of the coach, for Ross had led all to believe that he had been grossly insulted by that man.

The principal himself, seeing the dismay of the backers of the team, appealed to Weeks. Just how much good he did was seen when the entire student body met just before the game, in the large school auditorium.

Here, Mr. Weeks, who was a brilliant orator, rose and in the presence of Ross, gave a vivid description of Ross' conduct. So powerful was his speech, he soon had Ross an outcast. He was looked on by his fellow students as a menace to the team.

Yet, this only served to heighten his ambition to show the coach up. He still believed he was to be chosen for the last game.

The first two games were won by a very slight margin by Noelton. Johns, who had taken the place of Ross, was a good player but he lacked the finish Ross had. The team, as a whole, had played splendidly, but every one could not help but notice the missing link.

There was only one game to be played now, and to win it meant the winning of the State crown. Every one knew that it would be a miracle should Noelton win over Hazelton. Yet, every one knew the coach had meant every word he said.

The large gym was filled to its capacity. Over in one corner sat a sad looking individual. With elbows on knees and hands on his chin, he seemed to watch his team practice, in a daze.

"Why shouldn't I have played the man? Why have I acted the fool? I knew the coach was right, although I CAN shoot better than any other man on the team. Now every one hates me. I am an outcast. Anyway, let them lose; they will without me."

Such were his meditations before the game.

The whistle sounds. The teams take their respective places on the floor. The ball is tossed up in the center. Noelton gets it, passes it half way down the floor. There is a chance to shoot a goal if Harding, center for Noelton, will pass it to Johns. But Harding takes a shot—he misses.

Ross begins to take notice. Again Harding fails to pass. He seems determined to shoot himself, or lose the game.

Ross begins to shout. He sees his team, his own Noelton, playing an individual game. What is wrong with Harding? Again he does the same thing.

Then above the shouts, even of the Hazelton rooters, could be heard this:

"Team work, Harding! Team work, Noelton!"

Every one saw it was Ross. Every one was surprised, even the coach. And he was surprised more than ever, when, with five minutes left of the first half and the score 25 to 10 in favor of Hazelton, an eager face found the eyes of the coach.

"I have it coach! I have it! please let me play. I can work with the team," were his cries as he grasped the hands of the coach.

The coach saw and understood.

At the beginning of the second half, the students of Noelton were amazed to see Ross at center. He was taking the place of Harding. A great shout greeted the return of the prodigal son.

And indeed a return it was! Never in the history of games, did Noelton ever stage such a dazzling comeback. Never in his life did John Ross play with the team as he did that night. His former style had been thrown aside.

With one-half minute to play, the score was tied by Ross. Then, by a masterful piece of passing, he succeeded in getting Johns under the goal, and thus winning the State championship for Noelton, and for himself the love of the entire student body. He was also selected for all-State center, although this was his first time to play that position.

But, as he later expressed it, he won something far more useful than these—TEAM WORK.

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Maxwell D. Hart ---------- *Editor-in-Chief*
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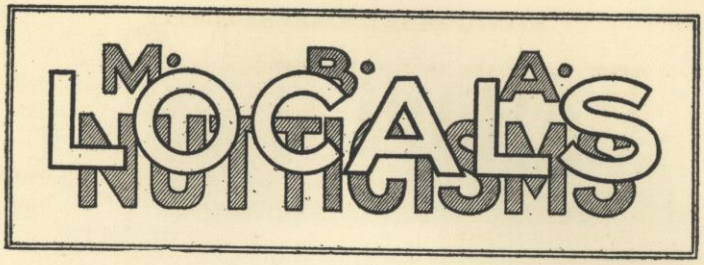
Benton Neil and Douglas McEwen ---------- *Local Editors*
Henry Piper ---------- *Athletic Editor*
Bedford McCoin ----------*Alumni Editor*
Eldridge Hitt ---------- *Exchange Editor*
Norwood Nutting ----------*Business Manager*
Felix Truett and Paul Turner ---- *Assistant Business Managers*

EDITORIAL

This spring the school has been in the deepest of mourning over the death of one of the most beloved and widely known students in the history of Montgomery Bell—Richard Lee Call. We are reserving the full expression of our feelings on this event for the commencement issue of the Bulletin which the school has decided to dedicate to the memory of Dicky Call.

* * *

There is only a little while left now in which to get up the commencement issue of the Bulletin, and if every boy in the school will take a little interest and write something, a story, poem, joke, we can get out a fine issue. So get busy and back up your school paper as you did your football and basketball teams.



Cider must be hard to sell.

The coal men cannot fuel the people all the time.

Two rival Western towns boasted of the powers of their football teams, and a game was arranged. One team bet quite heavily on its team, and to make the game more certain hired a professional player..

Early in the game he made a sensational run of 70 yards to a touch down and to the surprise of the spectators he was immediately removed from the game. The manager gave this explanation.

"Why, we promised that guy to pay him at the rate of a dollar a yard. Do you think that we wanted to go broke?"

Even the tombstone says something good about a fellow when he is down.

Little boy to his dad: "Can you write with your eyes closed?"

Dad: "Why, yes."

Boy: "Then shut 'em and sign my report card."

NASHVILLE'S MOST RELIABLE MERCHANTS

L. A. Bauman Co.
Burk & Company
Chas. E. Cooper.
Chas. Davitt & Co.
Frank & Company.
Hirshberg Bros.
Loventhal, Frank & Co.
Petway-Reavis Co.
Hampton-Harrison Co.
S. Lowenstein & Bros.

"Members Men's Wear Association."

Weine: "Do you notice any change in me?"
Piper: "No, why?"
Weine: "I just swallowed a dime."

Yesterday I saw them roll their own hose right in front of the crowd.
The fireman, I mean.

Mr. Cherry's latest slogan, "They shall not pass."

Every morning after Cartwright walks up the hill, he takes off his hat and pants.

Neil: "I've an awful cold in my head."
Piper: "Well, that's something."

Mr. Ball: "Morris, what was that knocking after Macbeth had killed Duncan?"
Abe: "That was Duncan kicking the bucket."

Employer (to new office boy):
"Did the cashier tell you what to do this afternoon?"
Office boy: "Yes sir, I'm to wake him up when I see you coming."

Shorty dining at E. P's.
Shorty: "Won't you have a little shrimp?"
E. P. "Dear me, this is so sudden."

Bob Brannon sells another Federal!
J. E. Walker, "H. F. H. S. Commissary," has purchased a Federal truck, which may be seen almost any afternoon around Acklen Park.

LOST, One jeweled S. P. O. pin. Reward if same is returned with jewels intact, to J. E. W. care M. B. A. (no questions asked).

M. B. A. vs Central High

In Montgomery Bell's second game of the season she still displayed the shabby form that was the outstanding feature of the first game with B. G. A. The passing was faulty and many shots were missed by us. Eaton and Call were the best scoring agents for M. B. A.

Capt. Curry of Central High was exceptionally good on foul shots, and Sloan, diminutive forward, played a good game. The final score was 33 to 18 in favor of M. B. A.

M. B. A. vs. Chapel Hill

In M. B. A.'s first game on foreign soil she bit the dust at 21 to 16. Chapel Hill was the one to do the trick. Montgomery Bell's inability to find the goal coupled with hard luck dropped the game for them. In the last half of the game water covered the floor under our goal which was due to a leaking roof, and it was impossible to obtain a foothold on the treacherous surface. All the M. B. A. team played well, while Edwards, Osteen, and Hurt starred for Chapel Hill.

M. B. A. vs. Williams

In one of the most dull and listless games played on the local court this year M. B. A. downed Williams Training School of Gallatin 25 to 10. The passing and shooting was ragged and every one played bum. The Gallatin bunch should have been beaten 25 or 30 points.

M. B. A. vs. Hume-Fogg

We tasted defeat for the second time this year when we were buried under the humiliating score of 31 to 10 by the bunch from the up-town high. Call was decidedly off form in this game. McEwen who was put out early in the game for personal fouls saved us a shutout in the initial frame by dropping in a neat one from the middle of the floor. Eaton was the outstanding M. B. A. player, accounting for three field goals. Walked played his best game of the season at running guard and dropped in a nice shot.

The two Richtors and Chest played excellent games for H. F. H. S.

M. B. A. vs. Peabody

M. B. A. had little difficuly beating Peabody in their own gym, although our boys were unused to the small floor. Peabody scored first but goals by Call and Eaton soon put M. B. A. in possession of a lead which Peabody could never, never overcome.

Lamb, Peabody forward, got away for several nice goals while Boyd was death on the fouls. The cheering of the Peabody girls was the feature of the game. The final score was 37 to 21.

M. B. A. 42 St. Bernard 22

After they were defeated by the local K. of C. team St. Bernard attempted to claim a victory in Nashville by taking on our team in the Y gym the next day. They were completely outclassed by us both in passing and goal shooting. Call, McEwen and Eaton were the best scorers while Walker and Brown played good guarding games.

Kelly, forward of St. Bernard, was the outstanding star.

Wee Brown, referee, was "jerked" early in the first half and Costello, substituted for him. They did not like Wee's refereeing.

M. B. A. 20 Knoxville 7

Although exhibiting the best passing team and one of the best all around teams seen in this nook of the country since prohibition went into effect, Knoxville was completely taken in by the playing and faultless shooting of all the team and the strategy of Capt. Call. Knoxville's five man defense was broken up early in the game while the invincible guarding of Martin and Brown held them to seven measly points in the first half. They failed to score the last half.

Wickham, Knoxville's center, scored most of their points.

The Bulletin acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges with thanks:

The Bayonet, Tennessee Military Institute, Sweetwater, Tenn.

The Hill Echo, Dyersburg, High School, Dyersburg, Tenn.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Volunteer, Peabody Demonstration School Nashville, Tenn.

The World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Bugle, Franklin High School, Franklin, Tenn.

The Cue, Albany Acadamy, Albany, N. Y.

The Red and Black, Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, Long Island, N. Y.

The News Item, Nashville, Tenn.

Cadet Days, St. John's Military Institue, Delafield, Wis.

The Journal, White Haven High School White Haven, Tenn.

The Prattler, Girls' Preparatory School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Sou'wester,Southwestern University, Clarksville, Tenn.

The Mugwump, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

The Tennessee Farmer, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee.

The Battleground Breeze, Franklin, Tenn.

The Blue and White, Mayfield High School, Mayfield, Ky.

The Sewanee Purple, University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

The Megaphone, Central High School, Nashville, Tenn.

IN OUR OPINION

The Echo—An all-round good paper. Your athletic department is very interesting. Congratulations to the editor of that department.

The Cue—Always an interesting paper.

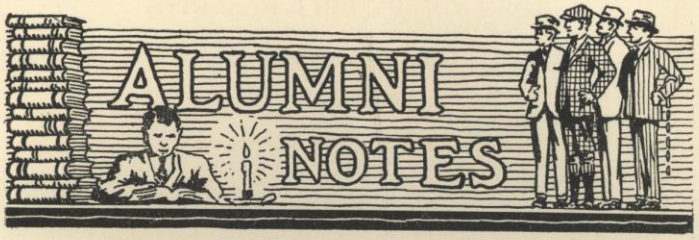
The News Item—We enjoy an exchange of this kind. Come again.

The Hill Echo—Every one of your jokes is good.

The Megaphone—You have a very interesting paper; so interesting that we should like to receive it more often. Why not publish more than two each year?

Chinaman—"You tellee me where railroad depot?"
Citizen—"What's the matter, John, lost?"
Chinaman—"No, Me here. Depot lost."

—*Red and Black.*



Walter Lowe '20 is the principal of a school in Hickman County. He intends to return to the University of Tennessee in the fall.

Paul Stumb '19 is pitching this year for Minneapolis.

John Greener '20 is at the University of Louisville, where he expects to graduate in June.

Tom Sims '18 is writing for a news syndicate, with headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio. His column appears in about four hundred and fifty American papers.

Malcom McClure '18 is in a real estate and insurance office in San Francisco.

Claiborne Hart '19 is with the St. Bernard shops in Nashville.

Marshall Brumbach '20 writes from the oil fields of Texas, where he is gone on a temporary investigation of gushers.

James Avent '15 is working for the Standard Oil Company in China where he has been made manager of a province. He will return to the U. S. in October for a vacation after three years' service.

Harold Braley '16 is settled at last in Hawaii.

Thomas Nowlin '16 is in business in Central America.

Thomas McNish '13 is working on his father's farm near Madison, Tenn.

G. R. Donigan '05 is the manager of McEwen's laundry in Nashville.

Walker Pate '20 is entering business here with the General Tire Company.

Phillips Harrison '17 is junior partner in the Deemer and Harrison Tire Company of Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Martin A. Rooney '10 is vice president and general manager of the Hart and Crouse Company of Utica, New York.

John J. Rooney is general manager of a large aeroplane construction company of New York.

J. Harris Hubbs '19 has recently married and is living in West Tennessee.

Special Today! Don't miss it! Be sure to see!
Moore the snake charmer
F. I's gallant charge upon the tennis court.
The free for all basketball game.
Mrs. Johnson's Spanish 4 class.
The famous beauties of M. B. A. Ed Glennon, Hoghead Ferguson, Beau Brummel Hirshberg, and last but not least, Pucil Walker.

One DOUG we know has Doug Fairbanks beaten to a standstill; for when did you ever see Doug. Fairbanks duel the villain all around a room with a bow to a fiddle and then hang out a two-story window by his heels?

There is more in the name of Lizzie than that which is applied to Ford's to Max's way of thinking.

We have no fear of the lack of dash men this year, for we at least have the managers of the teams who are considered 10 min. men.

Mayo (basketball), Glennon (track), Kuhn (baseball), Cartwright (football).

LES MISERABLES

HENRY N. PIPER '22

The last golden rays of the sinking sun flung their beauty over the purple horizon. In a section of the town of Pancake, Arizona, where nobody lived, a poor struggling country boy with honesty written on every line and wrinkle of his noble countenance was seen shooting craps on his front porch as his kindly old mother of eighty-nine years split wood in the back yard for supper. He had had a hard day at his office in Splutterfuss' Select Squash Store, and was only seeking a little diversion.

As his mother entered the dwelling Lewellyn made a pass for a dime.

"My dear boy, are you going to Hortense's shindig tonight?" she muttered inaudibly.

"Yes, mother, I think I shall, for I have studied my 'Dancing in Ten Lessons,' which I bought from Sears Roebuck, faithfully, and am ready to 'strut a wicked leg'," he answered with excusable pride, for he was bow-legged.

After going into the house, putting on a clean pair of overalls, and getting a fresh plug of tobacco, for he never went anywhere unprepared, he went out to the grindstone in the chicken house and manicured his nails.

As he wended his way to the Splutterfuss mansion to trip the light fantastic with his beloved Hortense, he was not surprised to meet Ambrose Arclight, a bright boy, but in the wrong hues. Ambrose was Lewellyn's rival and worst enemy. In other words he was a villain. Ambrose was the kind of boy that had been accused of jerking trolleys many times. His father was one of the most influential men of the town. He controlled the destinies of many people and set many wanderers, who had strayed from the straight and narrow, on the right road, for he was the traffic cop on Pancake's leading corner. On the side he racked balls in the Pancake poolroom.

Lewellyn was greeted with a snicker as he approached silently up the dusty highway.

"Haw! Haw! Overalls," Ambrose bellowed in derision.

"Rather would I have gingham trousers adorn my limbs, than velvet pants bought with money extorted from poor wayfarers by your cruel father," quoth Lewllyn, with a show of bravado.

"Is that so? Are you going to Hortense's shuffle?" inquired Ambrose with more respect.

"Vile creature, I do not desire speech with you. Henceforth do not speak to me. My day shall come and I shall crush you under foot," gushed Lewellyn.

At the dance he surprised and astonished the assembly with his wicked cake walking. His face abeam with a luster that is caused only by Dutch Cleanser, he claimed the dimpled Hortense for the final dance, beating Ambrose by inches. Ambrose slunk off with a smirk, while Lewellyn gloated in ghoulish glee. Lewellyn whispered lovely tid-bits in Hortense's ear and as he had drunk heavily of the lemonade he became giddy, and asked her to marry him as soon as he made his fortune. He told her of his improved Squash Washer he was working on day and night when he was'nt doing anything else. In replying she cooed, "Yes, my love."

After the hop when everyone had departed Ambrose still remained. He asked Hortense for a few words and then popped the big question thus:

"Hortense, guiding star of my life, although I realize I am entirely unworthy of you, am not good enough for you to wipe your dainty hoof on, nevertheless, I am no foot mat, and you won't have any occasion to wipe your feet on me, so that is immaterial. But what I started out to say is: will you be my better half?"

"Ambrose, I never bet."

"I mean, will you darn my socks?"

"Alas, I am bethrothed to another."

"Curses," he shouted with a dirty look, "Who is the foul fiend?"

"It is none other than Lewellyn Catzankle, the handsome squash salesman."

Ambrose immediately started thinking up a cruel plot to do away with the gallant vegetable dispenser.

As the light in Lewellyn's boudoir flashed off that night a stealthy shadow was seen to approach his abode silently on horseback. Dismounting from the nag it stopped and lit a cigar. The match disclosed the identity of the intruder. It was none other than Desperate Ambrose. Under his arm he carried a large can of "Rough on Rats" and behind his ear he sported a small brush. Picking up a brick he noisily broke the window pane but it was unheard by Lewellyn for his snoring was sonorous.

Groping his way clumsily toward the small table that towered above the floor he at last found what he wanted. Picking up Lewellyn's false teeth he completely smeared them with rat paste. With a villainous chuckle Ambrose cast his cigar butt down. No one would know how his rival died. He slipped out as silently as he slipped in.

Lewellyn was awakened by the shrill shriek of a rodent in horrible distress. He blinked his eyes, brushed the curtain of sleep from his troubled brain and cast a glance across the room. Much to his surprise he gazed upon three rats clustered about his phoney dental work, apparently dead. They wasn't nothing else. Cautiously he crawled across the floor on his stomach. More cautiously he arose from this posture. Most cautiously he smelled of the teeth. Nauseated by the odious odor of what he knew was rat poison he swooned. Coming to in seven and three-fifths seconds he was confronted by the remains of a stogie. Seizing it with one swing of his lunch hook he carefully secreted it in his shaving mug until after breakfast.

After a light breakfast he hastened back to his room. He carefully scrutinized the butt and noticed that it was a "Castaway." Now there were only three people in Pancake who smoked "Castaways." They were Ollie Sprouse, Oscar Spinach and Ambrose Arclight. Hooray! He had a clue. Dropping through a trapdoor he arrived in his chemical laboratory where he worked on his improved squash washer. It was but a moment's labor before he had made a plaster cast of the teeth prints on the butt. He would defeat the villain at his own game. No one could tamper with Lewellyn Catzankle and get away with it. No sir, not by a long shot. Lewellyn wouldn't stand for it.

Lewellyn put on a Santa Claus disguise and started in pursuit of the arch demon, Desperate Ambrose Arclight. This was his first clue. The cigar undoubtedly belonged to Ambrose and he would pay for this vile attempt on his life. Slipping up the street to the Arclight residence, Lewellyn further disguised himself with a hedge that grew hard by. Presently Ambrose emerged from the front door without any noise. He clambered aboard his ancient chariot and with a mighty shove on the starter was away like a flash. Not wishing to be messed up by this low creature Lewellyn was after the fleeing flivver on a bicycle, which he discovered parked on the curb.

Ambrose's idea in arising so early from his slumber was to go to the morgue to see if Lewellyn has arrived, for he little doubted the failure of his heinous plot. Being at peace with all the world he proceeded to light up one of his celebrated "Castaways."

Block after block he sped on. Lewellyn pedalled tenaciously with his tongue hanging out on his chin. No one had recognized him in his ingenious Santa Claus disguise. Hold! What was it that fell from the fleeing 4rd? Nothing other than a stogie butt. With a quick motion he slammed on his brakes, but so great was his speed that he slid his tire half a block. Rushing back he secured the butt with a long sharp-pointed stick that the ingenious boy had made, and pedalled with might and main to the sancitity of his laboratory where he felt assured he was unobserved by prying eyes.

A plaster cast of the teeth prints on this butt was identical with the first, and it was with a light heart that Lewellyn started out to get even with Ambrose for his attempt on his life. To get even was simple. He hurried to the Western Union office and sent the following message:

Pancake, Arizona.

To Mamie,
Care M. B. A.

Send me two ounces of Hix at once. Important.

Lewellyn Catzankle.

In four days the compound arrived. It was a simple matter for Lewellyn to insert the stuff into a squash that Mrs. Arclight had ordered.

It happened that Ambrose was passionately fond of squash. It was his favorite fruit. By some manner of means he had divined that his mother had ordered squash. He must have some. Slipping into the pantry he seized a large juicy one. Deep he bit into it. It was the fatal squash! I cannot state the agonies he suffered until the doctor came. He is now in the bughouse having never recovered from the doped vegetable.

Soon after Lewellyn was hitched up with Hortense and they are now living happily together over Lewellyn's business place.